

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD



Copyright by F. G. Browne & Co.

"NOT GOODBY, BUT AU RE-VOIR."

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disabes it trying to avoid running him down. In pity the occupant of the auto, a young girl, saves him from arrest and gives him a dollar, telling him to buy soap, and wash. His sense of shame is touched, and he improves his appearance. That night, in a crowd of unemployed and anarchists, he meets Esther Strom and in a spirit of bravado makes a speech. Esther induces Fitzhugh to address the radical meeting. He electrifies the crowd, and on parting the two agree to meet again. Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, demands \$10,000.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"You might, but you won't. You will accompany me to the bank; you will stand at my elbow while I cash it; you will then enter a motorcar with me and drive to some deserted spot outside Chicago; you will leave the auto, and thus give me a chance to escape. All this while I shall have the dynamite; one false move and I'll blow us to kingdom come. Your life is worth ten thousand dollars, I take it. Mine's not. Do I make myself clear?"

"Excessively. And now for the check." Without moving his head from the back of the chair Otis produced a private check book and a fountain pen, and, feeling the way with his fingers, filled out a check for ten thousand dollars. "What name?" he asked.

"Make it payable to bearer."

"Very well—"

"Father!"

A pair of portieres at the rear of the room were held far apart, and in the aperture stood a girl. Without turning—his back toward her—Fitzhugh knew who she was. He had heard her voice before. As she spoke his uplifted hands dropped swiftly and concealed the newspaper package beneath his coat. Then he turned, and, even as he knew he would, looked into the pearly-blue eyes of the girl with the Titian hair.

There was a dramatic tableau. Fitzhugh, every nerve and muscle tense, stood looking at the girl. Otis, who had not moved, watched him. The girl looked from one to the other inquiringly. She seemed to know intuitively that something very unusual had occurred.

Otis was first to speak. "Will you excuse us, Kathleen? This gentleman and I have a little business to transact."

"I did not intend to interrupt, father. I thought you were alone."

She went out, closing the portieres behind her. Otis wrote "bearer" on the check, snipped it from the book and stood up. He held out the check without saying a word.

Fitzhugh took the slip of paper, studied it reflectively. There was no questioning its genuineness. It called for ten thousand dollars, and the call was as authoritative as a government bond. Suddenly he drew a deep breath, folded the check, and deliberately tore it twice across. He dropped the pieces on the table, picked up his hat, and without a further word walked from the room.

In the hall he found Kathleen Otis. "This is not the first time," said he in his best dramatic manner, "you have saved me from myself. I thought I'd tell you."

She stepped back, looking at him curiously. "I—I'm afraid I don't understand you. I don't think I even know you."

"It's hardly possible—"

"What were you doing in there?" she interrupted. "I know something was wrong! and—" She broke off, and with impulsive courage fairly shot a question at him. "Were you trying to blackmail my father?"

"Some people might have called it something worse," he replied easily; and he was thinking: "She's beautiful—beautiful! This must be the sort men go crazy over. The sort men do things for."

"What were you doing?" she insisted.

"Why so inquisitive?" he countered. She looked annoyed. "Would you mind telling me your name?" she asked, and dug her nails into her palms upon feeling her cheeks burning.

He asked pointedly: "Can you recall the 'dirtiest young man' you ever saw?" She bit her lip and stepped back from him. She was scarlet to her temples. "Yes—yes, I remember you now. You are the one I gave a dollar to yesterday. I believe you said your name was Fitz—Fitz something or other?"

"Fitzhugh."

"Oh, yes—Daniel Fitzhugh! I remember perfectly now."

"I'm glad you do."

Then he became aware that Symington Otis was standing in the doorway of the library. At sight of the man whom he half believed a dangerous

lunatic taking the unthinkable liberty of addressing his daughter Otis' coolness had vanished, his restraint snapped.

Fitzhugh took the girl's hand, and in a vibrant voice, pregnant with far more significance than the words it uttered, said, "I will not say goodbye but au revoir." Then he turned and left the house. The front door had scarcely closed behind him before Otis wheeled upon his daughter.

"What did that man say to you?" he demanded.

"Why, n-nothing of any importance. Why?" She laughed nervously, like a child caught in some petty misdemeanor.

"Go to your room. That man was a maniac. He might have killed you. Where's Noonan?" He rang a servant's bell, ran to the hall telephone, rustled through the telephone directory, and got the Chicago avenue police station on the wire.

"Police headquarters? . . . This is Symington Otis, Lake Shore drive. Crazy man just left my house. He's got a bundle of dynamite, so be careful how you handle him. . . . How'll you know him? Well, he's dark, very tall, well built, and about twenty-four or five years old; he wears a soft gray hat, tan shoes and a blue serge suit. The dynamite is wrapped in a newspaper. I'll have my butler and another servant follow him and keep him in sight. Goodbye."

When the big iron gate clanged behind Fitzhugh it was upon a very different young man from the one who had entered it, fired with anarchy and



"Were You Trying to Blackmail My Father?"

evil thoughts; he came out, fired with aspiration and good thoughts. Already his mind was busy with plans for the future. He must not see Esther again. He must forget her. He would do something big, place himself on an equal plane with the girl he had just left. There must be no more wildness, no more idlings, nor things forbidden by law. Ambition again throbbed in his veins, but it was the antithesis of last night's ambition; that had been the kind which tears down—this was the kind that builds up.

He turned south on the drive, his brain reveling in golden dreams. In his wake skulked the stout butler and a second servant, who, mindful of the telephoned word, "dynamite," took especial pains to keep a discreet distance between themselves and their quarry. Near Chicago avenue he saw a man dodge into an alley a short way ahead, and though he caught but a glimpse of the man's face, he recognized Detective Kelly. He turned swiftly, started back—and walked into the arms of two detectives, who seemed to appear from nowhere. Kelly came up on a run, tackled him from the rear and dexterously twisted the parcel from his grasp.

"What's the charge, Kelly?" asked the prisoner, whose captors held him fast by either arm. "Or is it just because you owe me one?"

"Never mind what," growled Kelly. "You'll do a stretch this time you'll remember. That's enough for you to know."

En route to the police station the detective kept a nice distance to the rear with his trophy, and only with the utmost caution did he relinquish it to the desk sergeant.

Fitzhugh was booked under the name of Randolph Fitz and consigned to a cell with a "drunk and disorderly," a petty larceny case and two negro criminals.

When Symington Otis arrived at the police station the first person he met was Kelly, and the first question he asked, as he handed him a cigar, was, "Did you get him?"

"We got him all right," answered Kelly.

The last vestige of excitement vanished from the millionaire's face.

"And the dynamite?"

Kelly exchanged meaning glances with the desk sergeant.

"Sergeant," said he, "show Mr. Otis the 'dynamite.'"

The sergeant bent his gaze thoughtfully upon the financier.

"I don't know what passed between you and this fellow," he said, speaking very slowly, "and I don't know what you expect to see, but this is what he had on 'im." And the sergeant held up a gymnasium sweater, once white and fresh but now soiled. "This is what he had wrapped in the newspaper, and 'is pockets was not burdened with so much as a match. If he had any dynamite on him it was inside of 'im, sir."

Otis' lips came together in a hard line and his steel-gray eyes acquired the flinty glint which his subordinates and opponents in the wheat pit had long ago come to know and fear. The thought that he had been made a fool of by a brazen impostor was galling—far more galling than if the same impostor had really robbed him of the ten thousand dollars. All the rage, all the anger and contumely of the outraged man of money power boiled within him as he whispered savagely to himself: "I'll fix him!" And yet again: "I'll fix him!"

CHAPTER III.

The first person besides the newspaper man to visit Fitzhugh was Esther Strom. He shook hands with her through the iron grating of his cell.

"Welcome!" he cried gayly. "But how'd you know?"

"I came as soon as I saw this," she replied, taking a newspaper from under her cloak and holding it between the bars to him. His eye caught a front-page headline:

"MADMAN RUNS AMUCK!"

Turning the page he found a group of snapshots of himself in diverse attitudes.

"Here's progressive journalism!" he laughed, slapping the paper with the back of his hand. "These things were taken less than two hours ago. Not bad work, either." He regarded them critically. He gloried in the notoriety.

She pressed closer to the bars, and there was a troubled expression on her face. "We must get you out of this some way; and you mustn't treat it so much as a joke, for it's not. I've a friend who's a lawyer. I'll send him to you. I'll manage to pay him somehow, some time."

"But why?" he asked. "Why bother about me at all? I'm nothing to you." "I'll send him right away," she promised. "Goodbye." She pressed his hand and was gone.

Barely an hour after Esther's departure the guard let into the cell a rotund, sleek-looking man who introduced himself by printed card as "Roger Merton, attorney and counselor-at-law, Ashland block, Chicago, hours nine to five." He sat down beside his client on the foul bunk, and behind his plump hand gave a genteel little cough.

"My boy," he said, "you have only one defense. It's insanity—don't get excited!"

Fitzhugh laughed. "Do I look excited?" he asked easily, and added, "or insane?"

In hiding with Esther.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Safes.

On the occasion of a slight fire and much smoke behind the curtain a vaudeville manager was trying, unsuccessfully, by suave, assuring statements to quell an incipient panic in the audience. A leading comedian rushed out and, pointing a finger of scorn at the manager, appealed to the audience thus: "Sure, do you think he would be such a fool as to stop here if there were any danger?"

Crocodile's Record Swim.

How far can a crocodile swim? Perhaps it could be more practical to ask how far crocodiles do swim? J. Stanley Gardner claims the record for a crocodile (Crocodilus porosus) that recently landed in the Fiji Islands, where he took its photograph. No crocodiles of this species inhabit the Fiji Islands, and the nearest spot where they are known to live is the New Hebrides, 683 miles distant. Therefore, this crocodile must have swam 683 miles in the open sea.

Scored a Success.

My four-year-old nephew was perfectly delighted with his grandfather's car and always cranked all his toys, and even himself, when sent on errands. He is particularly interested in anything mechanical and never misses any such conversation. One day he cranked the cat's tail, and was delighted when it turned and spat at him, for, he said, "There, I got an explosion that time."—Chicago American.

To Get Rid of Mildew Stain.

Mildew is an obstinate discoloration, but will yield if rubbed with lemon juice, followed by salt, and exposure to the sun. For mildew on other materials than linen a mixture consisting of two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, blended with the juice of a lemon, is recommended.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DANCING.

TO "TREAD THE MAZY" in shadowland; in other words to dream of dancing is, all the seers are agreed, a good sign. Just to dream that you are attending a dance fortells for you success in love and that you will have many friends if, indeed, it does not mean as many think, that you have many now, even if you are not aware of it. You had better join in the dream dance, however, and not be merely an onlooker; for to dream that you are dancing yourself is an omen of many other good things to come. However if you dream that you simply watch the others doing the minuet, fox-trot, valse de court, two-step or other terpsichorean exercise, it is not very bad—it only means that you have gone to bed tired. But to dream that you, yourself, are dancing—then, indeed, are things coming your way.

To begin with, there is the success in love and friendship. If you are unmarried, your sweetheart is kind, true, and will make you an excellent wife. If you are married, the dance of dreamland means an increase in the family. Also, all the authorities agree that for the dream dancer, there is a legacy impending. Some say a legacy is "probable," but most say that it is sure, and many declare that it will come from an unexpected source. To those in trade, the dream dance means increased profits, and from the present cost of things it is quite evident that many tradesmen have dreamed this dream of late.

To the sailor to dream of dancing fortells a pleasant and successful voyage, and to one and all it foretells good news from a long-absent friend, or from a distant country. Just one caution. Be careful how you dress yourself for your dance of dreams; for it you wear dancing tights, while all the other good things may come to you, you will be temporarily short of money.

(Copyright.)

Merit

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

MERIT does find its true reward. In the final summing up, people pass for what they actually are. The gauge of Merit works straight and sound. Luck and Chance are the mere teasers of Fate.

Merit nothing beneath you. Do more than is expected of you. Do each task better than people think you can. Believe all things are possible with you and you cannot fail to Merit big. It is better to aim for Perfection and miss it, than to aim at Imperfection and hit it.

Merit nothing beneath you. Be not troubled over the accidents of Destiny. The rule of Merit will safely guide you into the wide way of Winning. True Merit is the rule and not exception. Thousands of pages of History illustrate this truth. Merit nothing beneath you.

Whatever you Merit and are worthy to receive, you will get. Concentrate your thoughts in elevating your Aims and Ideals, for these are they that lead you on and up.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

LEMON PIE.

The world is full of gladness. There are joys of many kinds, There's a cure for every sadness. That each troubled mortal finds. And my little cares grow lighter And I cease to fret and sigh, And my eyes with joy grow brighter When she makes a lemon pie.

When the bronze is on the filling That's one mass of shining gold And its molten joy is spilling On the plate, my heart grows bold And the kids and I in chorus Raise one glad exultant cry And we cheer the treat before us— Which is mother's lemon pie.

Then the little troubles vanish, And the sorrows disappear, Then we find the grit to banish All the cares that hovered near, And we snack our lips in pleasure O'er a joy no coin can buy, And we down the golden treasure Which is known as lemon pie. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

Lion Heart as Nerve Tonic.

My lady of Zululand is not whisked off to a seaside resort, or a mountain retreat to restore her shattered nerves; she is witch doctored with a prescription containing these ingredients: The heart and eye of a lion; the fat and flesh of an elephant; the hide of a rhinoceros; the second layer of skin of a hippopotamus; these mixed with the barks of many kinds of trees and soaked in the blood of a cow or sheep. This prescription is burned, made into a powder and taken internally. These and many "religious antidotes" of a like nature have been unearthed by the Interchurch world movement in its economic, religious and social survey of the world.

COMPETITIVE EXHIBITS ARE HELPFUL IN CREATING ADDED INTEREST IN GARDENING



Exhibits of Fruit and Vegetables Stimulate Interest in Gardening and Foster Community Spirit.

An organized competition among neighbors helps create added interest in vegetable, fruit, and flower growing in a community. To aid those who desire to have a horticultural show or a garden competition, but who do not know exactly how to conduct one, is the purpose of a circular recently issued by the department of agriculture. The methods given in it are those which experience has proved to be easiest and best. Among the subjects treated are classification of entries, the arrangement of the hall and of the exhibits, the points observed in judging various horticultural exhibits, and the prizes offered.

Scope of the Exhibits.

An organization already in existence, such as a county or state fair, a farmers' club, a grange, a garden or horticultural club, or a boys' and girls' club, may father a horticultural exhibit or a group may be brought together especially for the purpose. Once organized, this circular suggests, the first step is to outline the scope of the exhibit. Competitions to be interesting must be fair and equitable. In order to make them so, competitors with similar opportunities should be matched against one another. The exhibits should be divided into as small units as possible, so that the person with only a few square feet of ground may show such products as he may grow, in even competition with like

products produced by larger gardens. A large number of small exhibits instead of a few large ones favor a successful show. An important point is to have the premium list made up early, preferably before seeds are ordered. Exhibits should be attractively staged, the entries for a class being kept together. Both classes and individual entries should be plainly and appropriately labeled.

Helpful Competition.

Vegetable, fruit, and flower gardens or the home grounds of a community may be fairly classed and judged. These make most helpful community competitions.

Taken prizes instead of those of intrinsic value are all that is necessary for successful competitions.

When the time of the show approaches the exact date must be fixed, and this should not be changed. If it is done it may provoke a feeling of unfairness.

Where competitions of any of the types discussed in the department's Circular 62 have been held, they have been found not only to stimulate interest in gardening and home adornment, but even more to get neighbors acquainted with one another and develop community spirit.

An exhibition requires considerable effort, but it is usually felt to be well worth while, even by those upon whom the heaviest burden falls.

PLANS OF WORK FOR CONTROL OF BEETLE

Quarantine Against Insect Will Be Rigidly Enforced.

Poisoning With Sodium Cyanid in Water Will Be Practiced on Soils Badly Infested With Larvae or Grubs—Nets to Be Used.

At a recent conference of officials of the United States department of agriculture and the New Jersey department of agriculture, held at Riverton, plans of work for the control and suppression of the Japanese beetle were thoroughly gone into. Provision has been made thoroughly to inspect and certify products found free from the insect, including greenhouse and nursery stocks, fruits, vegetables and farm crops. While the quarantine will be rigidly enforced, it is believed that no serious interruption will result to the movement of most farm and other products from the infested territory. In control of the beetle, several methods of attack will be followed. Poisoning with sodium cyanid in water of such soils as are badly infested with the larvae or grubs will be practiced. Several million beetles, it is believed, can be captured by sweeping infested plants with nets. A band of vegetation from one-half to one mile wide surrounding the infested area will be kept thoroughly poisoned with insecticides sprayed or dusted on the plants. To prevent accidental carriage of the beetles on automobiles and other vehicles and on pedestrians, the roadways have been cleared, by grubbing and burning of food plants of the beetle. The weed food plants will be kept down by the use of large quantities of weed-killing chemicals. Attention is being given to the introduction of parasites of the beetle from Japan. An agent of the bureau of entomology is already in Japan, engaged upon the work.

The officials connected with this project believe that the operations of 1920 will pretty definitely indicate what can be expected from large-scale operations in suppression of the beetle.

PROTECT TREES FROM SWINE

Damage Can Be Reduced by Providing Rubbing Posts for Hogs Infected With Lice.

Very young trees can be protected from damage by hogs by providing rubbing posts and keeping the hogs free from lice. The animals will not rub against the trees so as to injure them if they are free from vermin. A good hog oiler is a great help in this case.

MARKET STATIONS OF VALUE

Branches Reach Out in Every Direction and Constantly Circulate News of Importance.

Market stations maintained by the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture, in several of the leading cities, are well termed "branches." They reach out in every direction from the central office. Connected by wire and mail service, there is constant circulation of vital news, out and returning, between them and the office in Washington. The raw materials, so to speak, are gathered and worked over to make the market reports, reviews, and press articles which are distributed for the benefit of the public. The market station man works from the early stir of activity in the market section until the day's stint is finished. Usually he is a man with considerable technical training and experience in production or marketing.

TIMOTHY IS LOW IN PROTEIN

One of the Poorest Live Stock Feeds Farmer Can Grow—Cannot Be Compared With Alfalfa.

More timothy hay is grown in the United States than all other hays combined and yet timothy is one of the poorest live-stock feeds that the farmer can raise. Its value for feeding purposes cannot be compared with clover or alfalfa. It is low in protein, the nutrient upon which farmers and more especially dairymen must to a large extent rely for the best returns from their herds; it is not very palatable to live stock, except, perhaps, to horses, and it has an undesirable constipating effect upon all classes of animals. Furthermore, it yields less than clover or alfalfa, and it is a fertility destroyer instead of a soil builder. All things considered, it has very little to commend it.

SAVE OLD FARM MACHINERY

Carefully Inspect Discarded Implements and Lay Apart Useful Gears, Braces, Etc.

Farm machinery, when discarded, should be carefully gone over with a view of saving the parts which have not been worn and which may be available for future use on other machines, or for other purposes. There are always many braces, gear wheels, bolts and nuts that can be used again. When the machine is discarded instead of hauling it to an obscure place to rust away, why not take it apart and place the usable pieces or parts in the machine shed, or work shop? It takes only a little time to take the machinery apart before it becomes rusty and many pieces thus secured will come in handy.